

Dead Asleep

by misscam

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Summary: How will Frank deal with Rachel's death?

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> <div class="center">By <a href="mailto:Cammy\_Sandy@hotmail.com">Camilla Sandman<a>

><br>Disclaimer: Standard disclaimers apply. They're not mine, no matter how badly I want them. Note: This fic has nothing to do with Rachel Wakely's "In her voice." Any resemblance is purely unintentionally "I wouldn't want to rival such an amazing piece of writing anyway

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>They told me ya were gone. I refused to believe them. They had to be wrong. If ya were dead, I would know. I would feel a gaping hole in my heart, I would feel incomplete..

><br>I woulda \*\*known\*\*.

><br>They told me ya were stabbed, that ya died in Jack's arm.. and that ya said my name there at the end. Why couldn't I hear ya? All those years I knew ya.. cared for ya.. loved ya.. and when ya died, I was blissfully sailing into another sunrise, not detecting a thing.

><br>Yeah, I was blissful at that moment, dreaming of ya like I've done since I left.. even thinking of coming back, of just showing up on your doorsteps. You woulda probably decked me, but at least I woulda have know then. I could have told ya.. and been there. I just wanted ya to know. I dunno if it woulda worked between us, we fight as much as everything else, but if ya were ever gonna die Rach, I wanted it to be in my arms. But I wasn't there, was I? Ya struggled for your life without me.

><br>I shoulda \*\*known\*\*.

><br>Why could I not feel ya struggling to hold on? And why my name,

Rach? Were you calling me back? Did ya ever forgive me for leaving?  
Will I ever forgive me?  
><br>Jack told me. I dunno why. We never liked each other. But we did  
have one thing in common. We both loved ya. Yes, I did love ya Rach,  
despite leaving. But did ya know that I loved ya? Did ya feel my  
heart? We never spoke the words, outta fear for what the other would  
say as much as admitting it to ourselves. So did ya know Rach? Was  
your final words a way of telling me ya knew? I hope that, I hope ya  
heard Jack saying what ya wanted to hear from me, I hope ya died  
believing.. knowing. But how can I be sure?  
><br>I have to **\*\*know\*\***.  
><br>But who can tell me now? You were my everything, and when I  
left, I took a bit of ya with me, just to keep as mine. I hope ya  
took a piece of my heart too. I know I gave it, but did ya take it?  
Did ya Rach?  
><br>And I can hear ya now, the piece of your heart firmly attached  
to mine. This part of ya that loves only me, and is only for me. The  
part that tells me "don't do anything stupid Francis Holloway, or  
I'll kick your arse!"  
><br>And despite my tears this part of you makes me laugh like only  
ya could make me.  
><br>This part of ya never died. It's still with me. You're not dead  
Rachel. You're asleep, waiting for me to fall asleep with ya.. and  
one day I will, I promise. In the meantime we will sail together, in  
spirit and heart if not in fact.  
><br>Sleep well my Rach.  
><br>Finally I **\*\*know\*\***.  
><br>\*\*\*\*\*  
>Fini<br>  
>Please take some time to fill out this <a  
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file.